

JACK SNYDER'S → COMIC SONGS • FOR THE UKULELE

and UKULELE-BANJO
(ALL EASY CHORDS)

GOOD FOR A LAUGH!
ANYWHERE!
ANYTIME!
ANYPLACE!



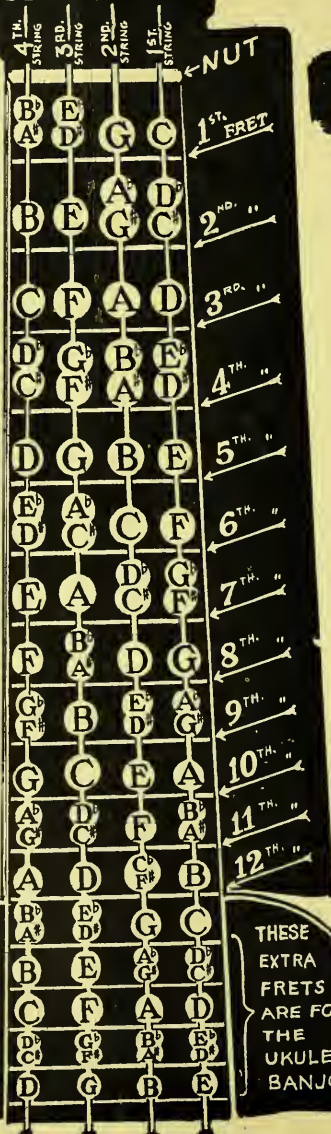
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UKULELE-FINGERBOARD

A D F# B

LEFT
HAND
SIDE

RIGHT
HAND
SIDE



THESE
EXTRA
FRETS
ARE FOR
THE
UKULELE
BANJO

"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN,
IS RELISHED BY THE WISEST MEN"

SO
PROVIDE YOURSELF WITH A COPY
OF
JACK SNYDER'S

COMIC SONGS

BY WESTON WEBB
WITH UKULELE ACCOMPANIMENT
(ALL SIMPLE CHORDS)

GOOD FOR A LAUGH!
ANYTIME!
ANYPLACE!
ANYWHERE!

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1658 B'way New York City N.Y.

HOW TO HOLD THE UKULELE.

The left hand should grasp the neck of the Ukulele, the neck resting between the thumb and joint of the forefinger, leaving the four fingers of this hand (left) free to press the strings on the fingerboard. The thumb should rest on the side of the Fourth String (A) and the forefinger should be placed over the First String (B). The (B) or first string is the string on extreme right of the fingerboard. When the Ukulele is held in position for playing, it is on the extreme lower end of the fingerboard. The right forearm should hold the back of the Ukulele to the body, allowing the fingers of the right hand to strike the strings near the twelfth fret. For illustration of correct manner to hold the Ukulele, see picture on cover page.

STROKES.

The strokes are made with the thumb and first (index) finger of the right hand. The nail part of the thumb being used for the up stroke, and the nail part of the first finger for the down stroke. The strings should be struck between the last fret and the soundhole. To play a complete chord, all four strings must be struck at the same time.

The Roll Strokes (For Advanced Players)

The downward roll stroke is made by striking the strings with the nails of the 4th, 3rd, 2nd and 1st fingers, in order, followed by the cushion of the thumb.

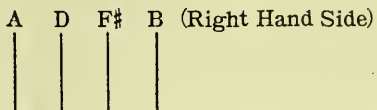
For the upward roll, use the nail of the thumb, followed by the cushions of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th fingers.

IMPORTANT NOTE.

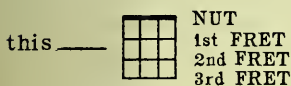
The strings must not be stopped on the frets, but just a little above them. For instance, for first fret, the finger must be placed in the space between the nut and just a little above the first fret. See illustration of fingerboard on 2nd page.

HOW TO READ THE DIAGRAMS.

Under the words of each song, you will find a small illustration of the Ukulele fingerboard, with black dots to show just where to place your fingers to produce the necessary chord. The four lines running up and down, represent the four strings.



The lines running in a horizontal manner — represent the frets. The first three or four frets are usually shown in the diagram like



The next diagram indicates that your third finger presses the

B or first string a little above the third fret, as shown by the black dot, and the numeral "3" means that you use your third finger to press the string. The other strings are played "open"; in other words, without the other fingers pressing on the other strings. The chord is then easily played by pressing the first string at the third fret, and striking all four strings together. When the diagram appears like this it

indicates that your index finger presses the second string at the first fret, and your second finger press the fourth string at the second fret. Then strike all four strings together. Each exclamation point following diagram indicates a repetition of the same chord.

When the diagram appears like this, it shows that your first finger presses both the first and second strings at the first fret, your second finger presses the third string at the second fret, the third finger pressing the fourth string at third fret. You will find the diagrams very easy to read and play by following the above directions.

NOTE: THE INDEX FINGER IS INDICATED BY THE FIGURE (1)
THE MIDDLE FINGER IS INDICATED BY THE FIGURE (2)
THE THIRD FINGER IS INDICATED BY THE FIGURE (3)
THE LITTLE FINGER IS INDICATED BY THE FIGURE (4)

Oh! He Don't Come Around No More!

(The Tale Of A Bow-wow.)

To play all Songs in this book tune Ukulele as indicated below.

Arranged for Ukulele by
Weston Webb.

3rd String

1st String

Words and Music by
Harry Israel.

Lively.

4th String

A D F# (B)

2nd String



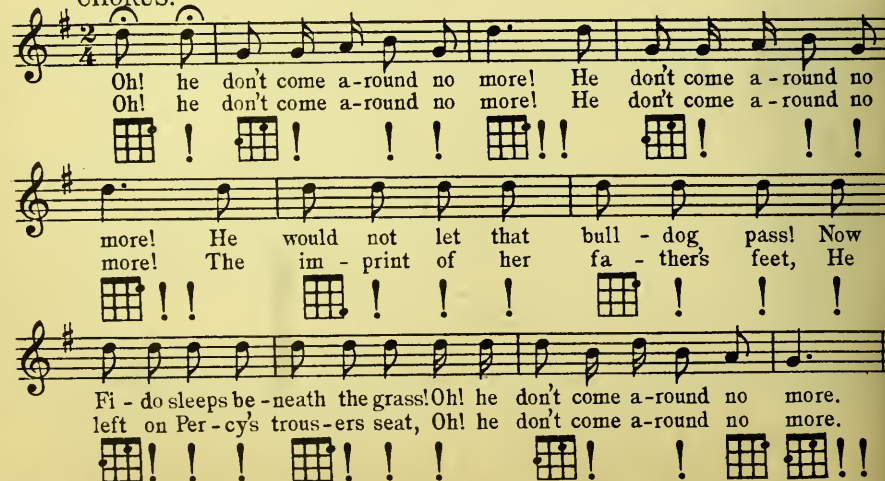
Fi - do was a ti - ny dog, But he was full of "pep," The
Per - cy was a lov - er bold, And he loved fair Lou - ise One

lit - tle dogs who lived near him, All had to watch their step; He'd
night he tried to give her just a lit - tle hug and squeeze; Her

vis - it us at ear - ly morn, a juic - y bone to get, A
fa - ther stood right at the door, an an - gry man was he, Poor

great big bull - dog came his way, We're wait - ing for him yet!
Per - cy left his hat be - hind, So quick - ly did he flee!

CHORUS.



Oh! he don't come a-round no more! He don't come a-round no
Oh! he don't come a-round no more! He don't come a-round no

more! He would not let that bull - dog pass! Now
more! The im - print of her fa - ther's feet, He

Fi - do sleeps be - neath the grass! Oh! he don't come a-round no more.
left on Per - cy's trous - ers seat, Oh! he don't come a-round no more.

Extra Verses

3.

Jim and Mike were working
 In a quarry, blasting rock,
 They heard the whistle blowing,
 For it was just twelve o'clock.
 They sat down on a great big box,
 To rest themselves once more,
 Said Jim to Mike, "Give me a match,"
 Then came an awful roar!

Chorus.

Oh! they don't come around no more!
 They don't come around no more!
 The box on which he struck a light,
 Was labeled DANGER! DYNAMITE!
 Oh! they don't come around no more!

4.

A ripe tomato hit a vaudeville actor in the eye,
 The jokes he told were much too old,
 That's just the reason why.
 The audience were quiet,
 And each person kept their seat,
 Until the actor asked, "Why does a chicken cross the street?"

Chorus.

Oh! he don't come around no more,
 He don't come around no more,
 The vegetables that knocked him "cold,"
 Were left inside the can, I'm told,
 Oh! he don't come around no more.

5.

Willie loved a charming girl,
 She loved him in return,
 And when he'd press her to his heart,
 Oh! how his love did burn!
 She told him she was single,
 But he soon found she had lied,
 Her husband with a gun in hand,
 Stood waiting just outside.

Chorus.

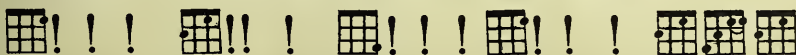
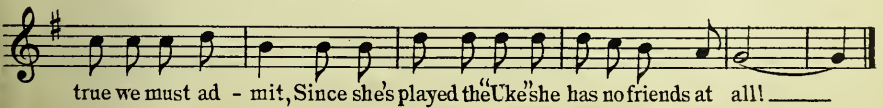
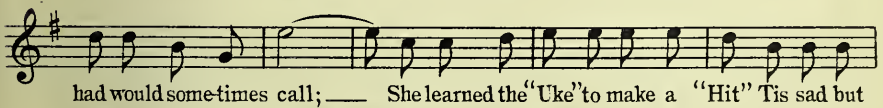
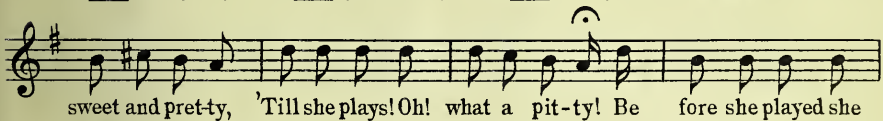
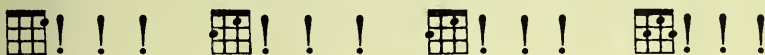
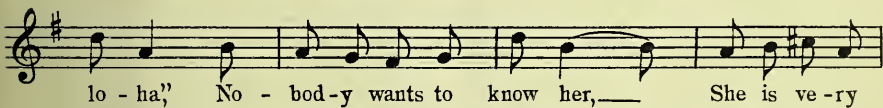
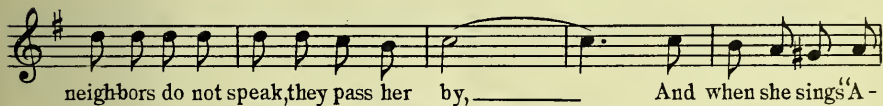
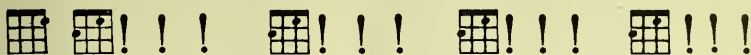
Oh! he don't come around no more!
 He don't come around no more!
 From out that window he did fly,
 The window was ten stories high,
 Oh! he don't come around no more!

Since Mamie Daly Plays The Ukulele.

By Harry Israel.

Lit-tle Mamie Da-ly learned to play the Uk-u - le - le Just to
 make a "hit" in high so-ci-e - ty; Her teach-er said, "Now
 "Mame," if you want to play love's game, Sing a sen-ti - men-tal dit-ty,
 Play it on your "Uke," so pret-ty; You will find it ea - si - er to
 vamp them, Play the "Uke" and you will see the boys all
 "fall," Ma-mie fol-lowed this ad - vice, And tho'she sings and plays so
 nice, It does-nt seem to work out well at all.

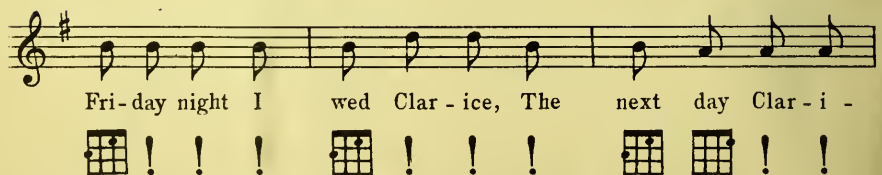
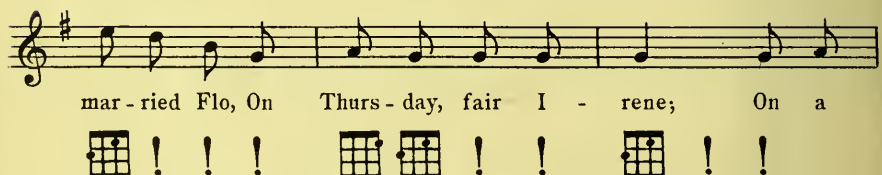
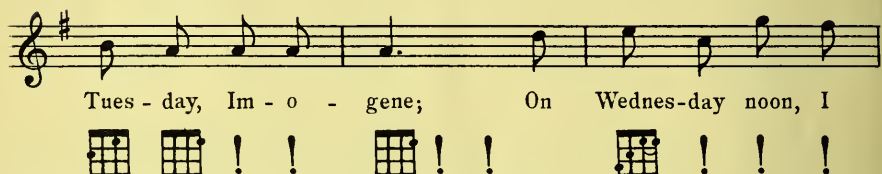
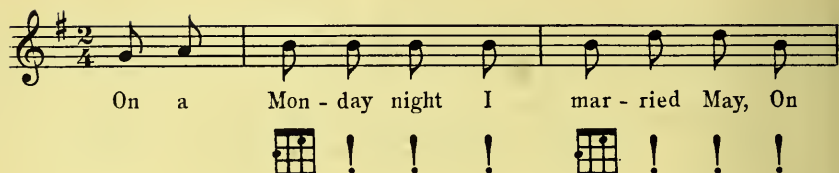
CHORUS

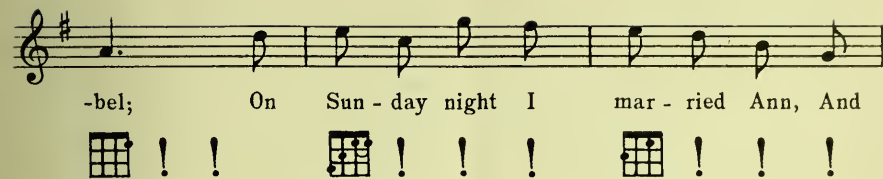


Sing this ditty to the tune of
"Wearing Of The Green".

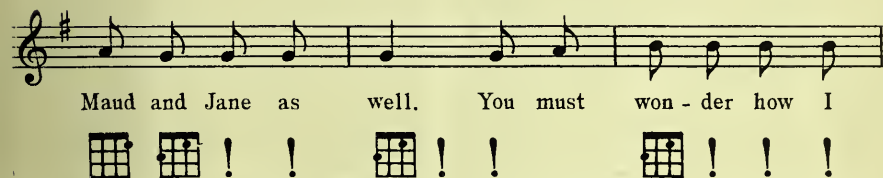
A Marrying Man.

By Harry Israel.

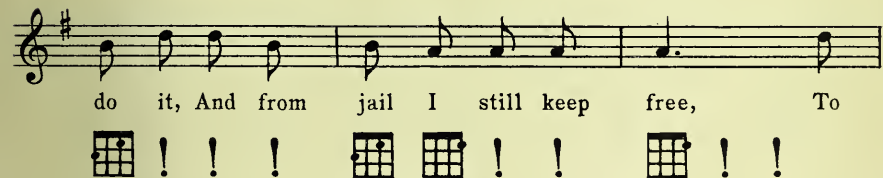




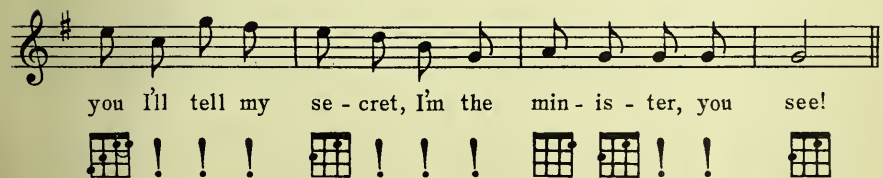
-bel; On Sun - day night I mar - ried Ann, And



Maud and Jane as well. You must won - der how I



do it, And from jail I still keep free, To




you I'll tell my se - cret, I'm the min - is - ter, you see!




Mister Dinkelspiel.

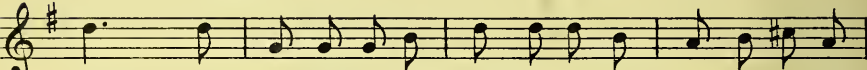
By Webb and Helf.

Moderato.







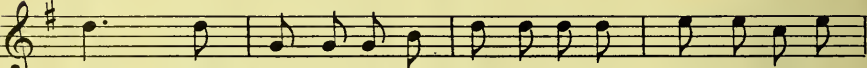
One day while in a brew-'ry, quite by ac - ci - dent I
In - to a big ware - house one night, two rob - bers broke with

 ! ! !  ! ! !  ! ! !








hear, A cer - tain par - ty tripped and fell in - to a vat of
ease, They backed a wag-on up and filled it with Lim - bur - ger

 ! ! !  ! ! !  ! ! !  ! ! !








beer; When some - one threw a life pre - ser - ver that was on a
cheese; When some - one hol - lered "cheese! the cops!" a - way the wag-on

 ! ! !  ! ! !  ! ! !  ! ! !



rack, Who was it made a grab and threw the life pre - ser - ver back?
went; Who was the smart de - tec - tive that they put up - on the scent?

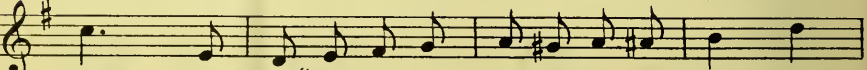
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CHORUS








'Twas Mis - ter Dink - el - spiel, Mis - ter Dink - el -
'Twas Mis - ter Dink - el - spiel, Mis - ter Dink - el -

 ! !  ! ! !  ! ! !  ! ! !



-spiel, He cried, "Take that thing back and throw a stein, ach,
-spiel, He's got a voice as sweet as Mag - gie Cline, ach,

 ! ! !  ! ! !  ! ! !  ! ! !



fine!" He could - n't swim, but he could - n't drown, He
fine! Who ripped the but - tons from off his vest, He

stayed on top, while the beer went down! And Mis - ter D - I -
sang so loud at the Saen - ger - fest? 'Twas Mis - ter D - I -

-N - Kel - spiels a friend of mine.
-N - Kel - spiel, a friend of mine.

Extra Verses

3.

Some one was grinding coffee once when he was sleepy still;
He didn't know poor Towser slept inside the coffee mill;
Who fainted when he saw poor Towser's disappearing feet
The man who quite unconsciously invented sausage meat.

Chorus.

'Twas Mister Dinkelspiel, Mister Dinkelspiel,
He organized a big Bau-Wow! Verein, ach, fine!
He bought a kennel, he knew he must,
He's now the head of the sausage trust,
Is Mister D-I-N-Kelspiel, a friend of mine.

4.

Some foolish people think that Irishmen don't like the Dutch;
They like to see a German get along, but on a crutch;
St. Patrick's day the Irish march while in their best arrayed;
But who's the man they have to get to lead the whole parade?

Chorus.

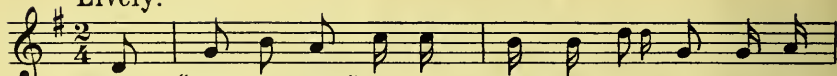
It's Mister Dinkelspiel, Mister Dinkelspiel,
His German band is always first in line, ach, fine!
The Irish march to the music played;
They march for nothing, the Dutch get paid;
And Mister D-I-N-Kelspiel's, a friend of mine.

Tune up your "Uke"
and get aboard the




"Glendy Burke"

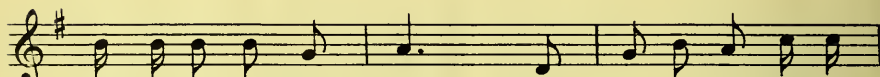
Arr. by Weston Webb.

Lively.







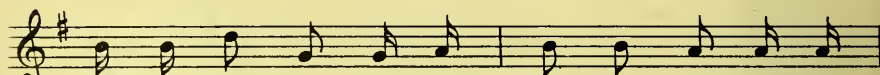
The "Glen - dy Burke" is a might - y fast boat, With a
The "Glen - dy Burke" has a fun - ny old crew, And they
My la - dy love is as pret - ty as a pink, And I'll

 !  !  ! ! !






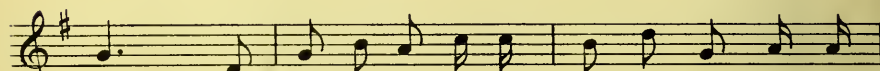
might - y fast cap - tain, too, He sits up there on the
sing — the boat - man's song, They burn the pitch and the
meet — her on the way, I'll take her back to the

 ! ! !  ! ! !  !  !









hur - ri - cane roof, And he keeps his eye on the
pine — knot too, For to shove the boat a -
sun - ny old south, For its there she's go - ing to

 ! ! !  !  !



crew; I can't stay here, for the work's too hard, And I'm
- long, The smoke goes up, and the en - gine roars, And the
stay. So don't you fret, lit - tle hon - ey dear, Oh! —

 ! ! !  !  !  !  !  !

bound to leave this town, I'll take my duds and—
 wheels go round and round, So fare thee well, I'll—
 don't you fret Miss Brown, I'll take you back, 'fore the

! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

tote 'em on my back, When the "Glen-dy Burke" comes down.
 take a lit-tle ride, When the "Glen-dy Burke" comes down.
 mid-dle of the week, When the "Glen-dy Burke" comes down.

! ! ! ! ! ! !

CHORUS

Ho! for Lou' - si - an - a! I'm

! ! ! ! ! !

bound to leave this town! I'll take my duds and

! ! ! ! ! ! !

tote 'em on my back, When the "Glen-dy Burke" comes down.

! ! ! ! !

A Married Man's Sad Song

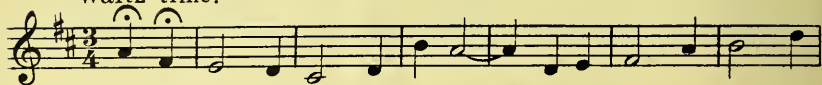
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"Chilly Beans."

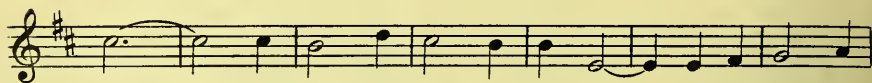
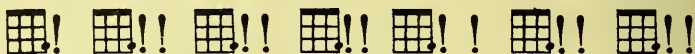
(Sung to the tune of "Ciribiribin.")

By Weston Webb.

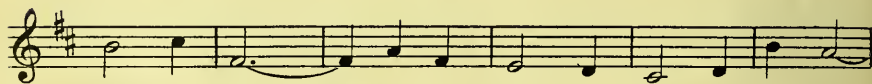
Waltz time.



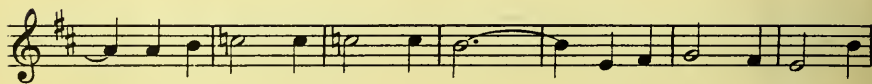
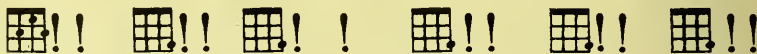
Oh! when first I mar - ried Ma - ry — I was hap - py as could



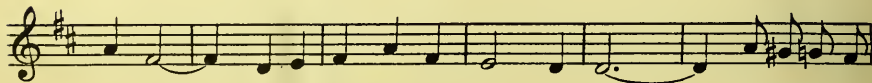
be, — She made me so de - light - ed, — With the meals she'd



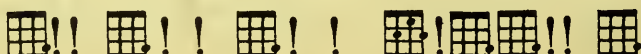
cook for me; — Her baked beans were so de - lic - ious —

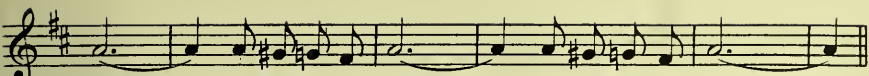


— Cooked in warm to - ma - to sauce, — Now her love for me is








o - ver, — And I'm get - ting cold meals of course! — Chil - ly, chil - ly

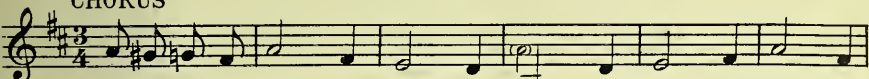









beans, — That is all it seems — She is feed-ing me! —

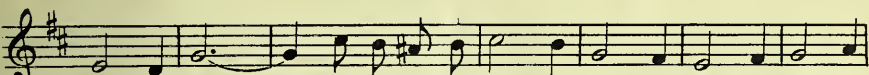
!!  !!  !! !

CHORUS










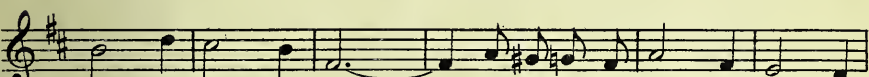
Chil-ly, chil-ly beans for break-fast, Beans for din - ner, beans for

!! !! !! !! !!









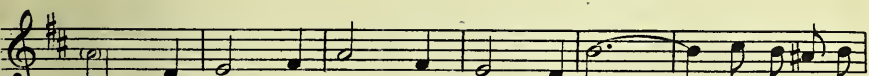
sup - per, too, — You can bet that I'm all in, I'm get - ting thin, For

!! !!  !! !! !! !!









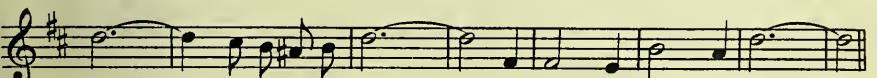
want of steak or stew, — All in vain I beg and beg for

!! !! !!  !! !!











some - thing hot, Now what more can I do? — Chil-ly, chil-ly

!! !! !! !! !! 



beans, — Chil-ly, chil-ly sauce, — I'm seek - ing a di - vorce. —

!!  !!  !! !! !! 

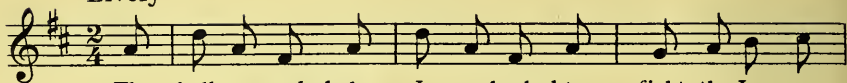
1 2 3 4

One! Two! Three!

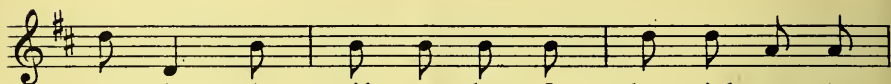
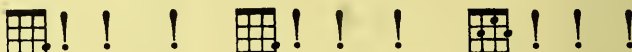
(All Over)

By Webb and West.

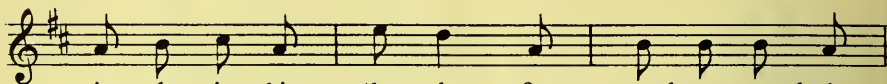
Lively



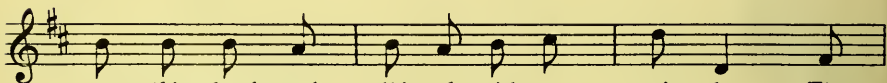
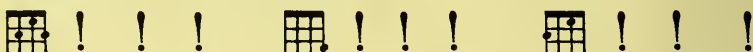
The hall was packed, when I was backed to fight the Jer - sey
A fool-ish lad, an au - to had, and in it went a -



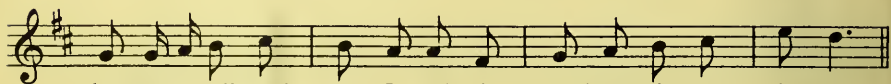
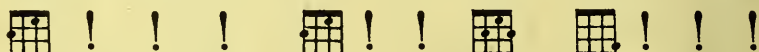
won - der, A - mid a shout I hur - ried out to
- speed - ing, It stopped near town and he got down to



sim - ply give him thun - der, One round we sparred, when
see just what was need - ing, Ci - gar in teeth, he



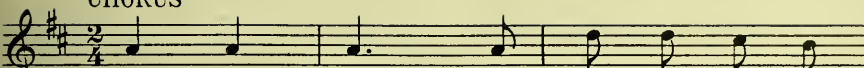
some - thing hard, col - lid - ed with me grim - ly, Then
crawled be - neath, the gas - o - line to smell, oh, A






there was a yell, and as I fell, I heard a voice say dim - ly.
spark and a flash, an aw - ful crash, And oh! that poor young fel - low.

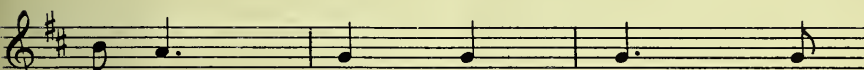


CHORUS






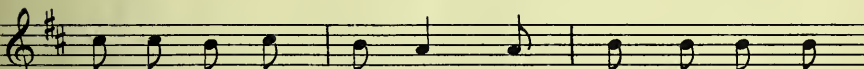
One, Two, Three, Oh! hear the bird - ies
 One, Two, Three, He heard the bird - ies

 ! ! !  ! ! !  ! ! !






sing - ing, Four, Five, Six, Sweet
 sing - ing, Four, Five, Six, Sweet

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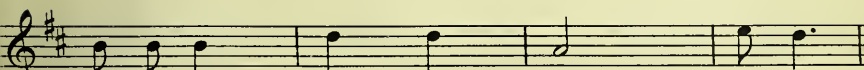
ves - per bells are ring - ing, I thought I heard the
 ves - per bells were ring - ing, He seemed to hear the

 ! ! !  ! ! !  ! ! !








an - gels wings, a - bove the fields of clo - ver,
 an - gels wings, a - bove the fields of clo - ver,

 ! ! !  ! ! !  ! ! !



Sev - en, Eight, Nine, Ten, all o - ver!
 Sev - en, Eight, Nine, Ten, all o - ver!

 ! ! !  ! ! !  ! ! !  

Comic March Song

To Arms! To Arms!

(Whoops My Dear)

By Webb and Richards.

They say that I'm a chor - us man and
I stepped up to a per - son and I

here's the rea - son why, Be - cause I dress in
said "Have you the time?" The look I got would

fash - ion and I wear a crim - son tie, And
make you think I had com - mit - ted crime; I

say we have the grand - est lead - er, my but he's a
said to him, "I guess you don't know who you're look - ing

dear! Oh! good - ness gra - cious how I wor - ry
at!" He raised his hand and struck me on the

when he is - nt near; In quar - rels should he
wrist the nas - ty cat! Be - fore I passed a -

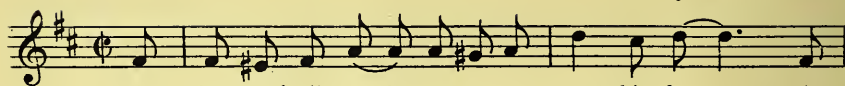
fall! We'll shout this bra - zen call!
-way, I heard some - bod - y say!

CHORUS

To arms! to arms! — there's a ring a-round the
 To arms! to arms! — there's a ring a-round the
 moon, Our fair-y queens in dan-ger and he needs us ver-y
 moon, Our fair-y queens in dan-ger and he needs us ver-y
 soon, Just think of what would hap-pen, heav-ens, pic-ture if you
 soon, Just think of what has hap-pened, heav-ens, pic-ture if you
 can, can, If he should be in - sult - ed by some
 can, Why he has been in - sult - ed by some
 hor - rid, hor - rid man, You can bet he would re -
 hor - rid, hor - rid man, Mer - cy, I'm all in a
 - mem - ber, Per - cy's vic - ious, bru - tal tem per, To
 flur - ry, get the smell - ing salts and hur - ry, To
 arms! To arms! Whoops! my dear!
 arms! To arms! Whoops! my dear!

The Chicken Rag.

Arr. by Weston Webb.



A thou-sand miles south—up—on a great big farm,— A



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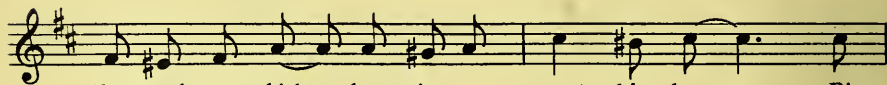
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thou-sand young chicks,—down in a great big barn,— Big



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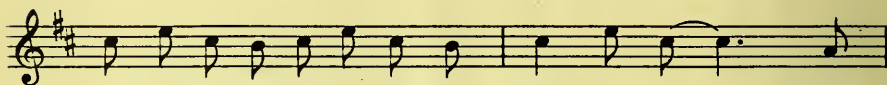
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chan—ti—cleer, the roost—er, leads them one and all,— Be —



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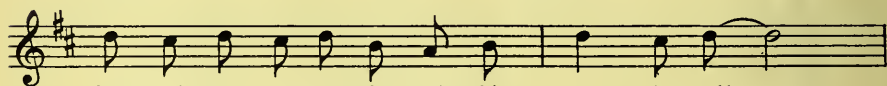
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—fore their ear—ly break—fast, makes his ear—ly call,—



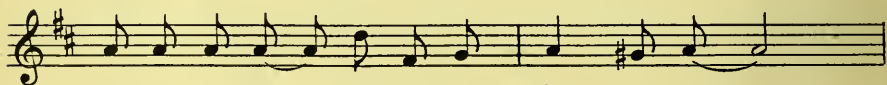
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Cau, cau, cau, cau,— get up its time to rise,—



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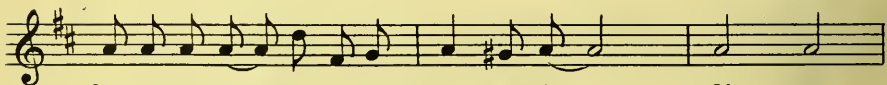
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Cau, cau, cau, cau,— get up and ex—er—cise,— Oh, you



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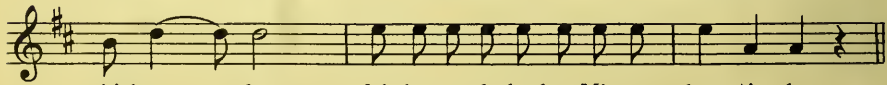
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chick—en — bear, fol—low me, the lead—er, Mis—ter chan—ti—cleer.



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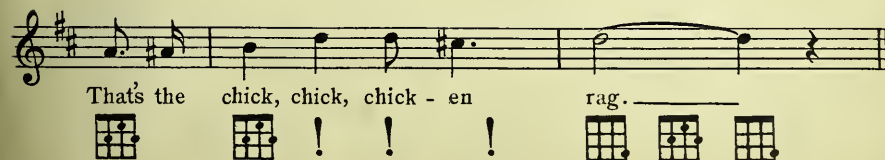
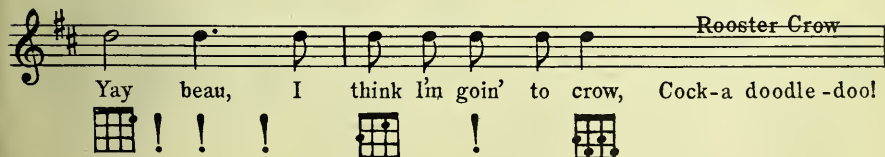
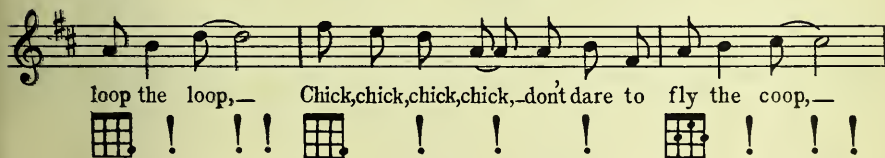
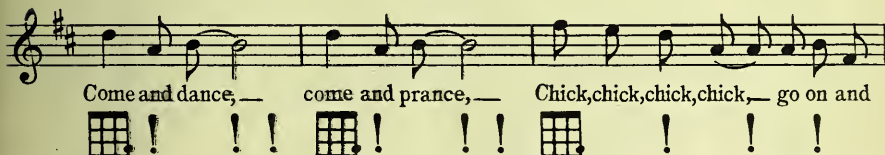
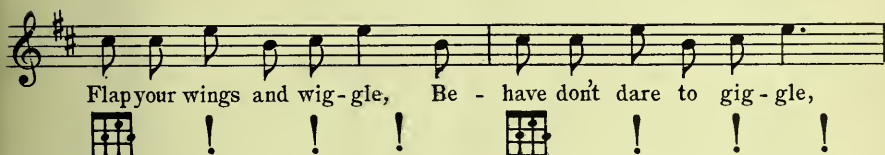
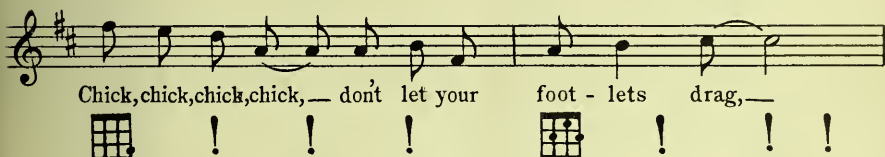
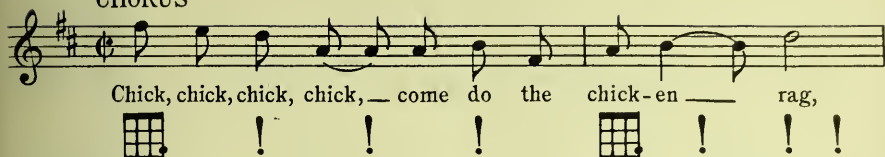


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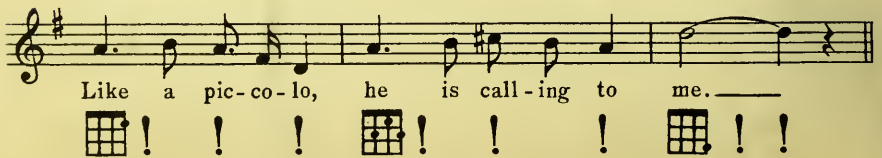
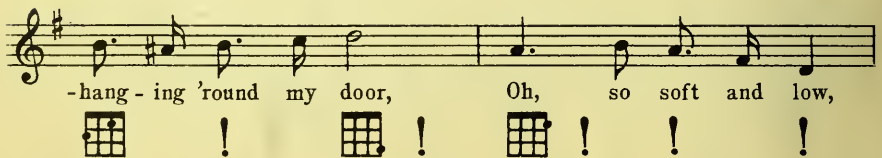
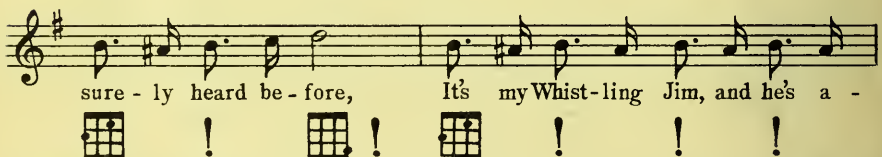
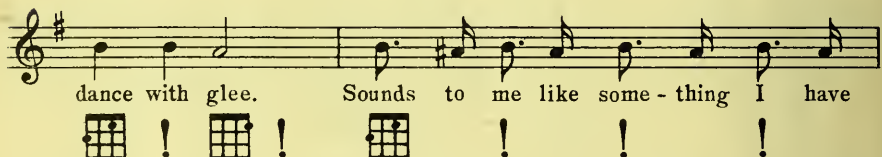
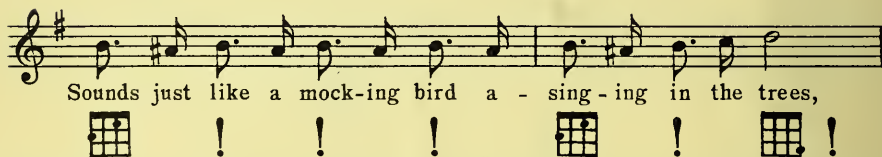
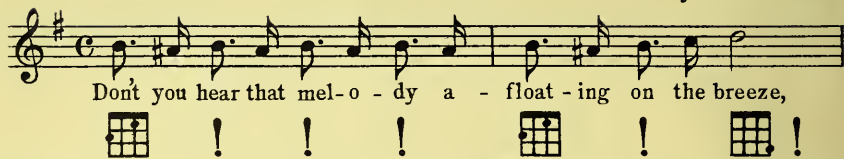
CHORUS



Whistling Jim.

(Whistling Song.)

Arr. by Weston Webb.



CHORUS

That's him, that's him, that's Whist - ling Jim, My
 boy, My joy, just lis - ten to him, —
 Ev - 'ry night and morn - ing in the sun or rain,
 Comes a - long a - toot - in' like a rail - road train, That's
 him, that's him, that's Whist - ling Jim, My
 boy, my joy, I'm cra - zy for him, —
 Don't you hear him call - ing me, That's him, that's
 him, that's Whist - ling, Whist - ling Jim. —

whistle

whistle

"SONGS YOU'VE BEEN LONGING TO PLAY!"



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O SOLE MIO. Key of F. (Di Capua)
O SOLE MIO. Key of G. (Di Capua)
OH! SUSANNA. Song (from "COVERED WAGON")
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SOUVENIR. Drdla (Easy Arrangement)
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MY HEART AT THY SWEET VOICE. Song.
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BY JACK SNYDER



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THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

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